Two Lycoris, Mika, and a Private California Beach

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Two Lycoris, Mika, and a Private California Beach

by Anonymous

Summary

Takina and Chisato get the greenlight from DA to travel to California, where they plan to go to a beach. Chisato learned about it from her new friend, the famed songwriter from one of her favorite K-pop bands. Her friend traveled there with her two girlfriend and wowed them with her surfing. With Mika traveling with Chisato and Takina while Mizuki watches over them, they try to be careful, with everything awful going on within the U.S., especially since January 2025, to ensure they weren't imprisoned and held in some wretched detention facility. Despite all of that, Chisato plans to have a good time. Takina wants to do the same. As she balks at the temperature on this sweltering summer day, she aims to ensure that her beloved partner will be safe from the sun's rays, while she chafes at how her significant other can be so affectionate, while she struggles with the same thing...

Notes

Hello everyone! I began this fic on May 17th of this year. Although there is a slight mention of a certain animated film at the beginning, and at other points in the story, this fic is *not* a crossover with that film, and you *do not* need to know that fandom to read this story.

This fic centers on Chisato and Takina, with Mika in a supporting role. Specifically, this story fulfills an assignment for me, by GallifreyanFairytale, for the Everything is Femslash Exchange 2026. It is a slice of life, with elements of healing and seasonal themes (it is set in the summer, which begins in the northern hemisphere on June 21st, the day of the summer solstice). As such, it is inspired by "sometimes, all i think about is you," which is by GallifreyanFairytale. Some of this story is inspired by the outfits Takina and Chisato are shown wearing in a special art available with the Lycoris Recoil complete Blu-ray set, and on the cover of clear plastic Blu-ray box, showing them having a good time.

This fic will be cross-posted on various sites after publication on AO3. As always, comments and constructive criticism is welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by sometimes, all i think about is you by GallifreyanFairytale

Somehow, Takina and Chisato had gotten the okay from DA for this trip, especially after finishing more special missions, and informing Kusunoki that their mission in Tokyo's Shinjuku region to track down demons had been a success. They didn't tell her the *full story* about unique k-pop superstars. Chisato had been given the phone number of one of them, the most bubbly of the three girls and the band's songwriter. She had promised to send ideas for what they could serve at the café and promised to come back. The private beach in California, of all places, that the two Lycoris and their mentor, were at was the same one her friend had gone to with her partners, or girlfriends to be more exact. As she showed off, they had nosebleeds at how amazing she looked while surfing and had given her cheek kisses afterward.

Neither of the two Lycoris, nor Mika, who had agreed to accompany them, knew *how* to surf. Despite that, they were totally down to have a good time. Chisato wanted to enjoy herself and Takina felt the same way. They needed a time to relax. Going to Hawaii was nice, but this was different. They could be away from all the troubles in Japan, at least for now. Even so, they needed to be careful. They did not want to be snatched by some roving goon squad meant to deport supposedly "bad" immigrants, which was code for anyone with brown skin, or anyone who wasn't a pale-skinned, red-blooded American.

Mizuki wasn't at the beach. She was sitting in a car nearby. She wasn't interested in that kind of thing. Like anyone else, she knew that traveling to the U.S. was *very dangerous* now, since the fascist-in-a-suit was president and his acolytes were throughout the government. Some critics derisively called the present U.S. government "the regime." This was all made worse by the numerous reactionary laws being passed each day and the continued war with Iran. She was guarding the Lycoris to make sure they wouldn't be put into harms way. That was her role. Takina, Chisato, and Mika accepted that.

More than anyone, Chisato wanted to have not just a good time, but a great time. She wanted to enjoy herself more than anything. Her blond hair blew in the breeze. Takina squinted from all the sunlight. She tried to shade her eyes, with her left hand, while the other held onto her bag. She wasn't sure about going to the beach, or walking across the sand, but her blond-haired partner had insisted on it. She'd even dragged her to a store to buy a swimsuit. She had come to realize it was just easier to accept the whims of her partner, or who she *sometimes* called her girlfriend, although she was okay with using either word.

As Chisato grabbed her arm, she said, giddily, "isn't this great?" Takina couldn't see her face from where she was, but she could only guess she had such a bright grin, filling her entire face. She wasn't very happy about all this heat. It was really bothering her. "I like it better back in Japan," she said, loudly. Even though she was wearing a loose t-shirt and shorts, which she had picked out at the same store as her bathing suit, that she was wearing under those clothes, she had begun sweating so much. She had no idea how Chisato didn't mind it, or how in the world she had adapted to the heat. It made no sense to her at all.

During their trip to Hawaii, she and Chisato had worn similar outfits, but she wore some overalls. Both had nā lei garlands around their arms. Chisato's shirt was scrunched up and she had her arm behind Takina's back. She was holding a plate with a fancy-looking drink on it. Both of them had matching bracelets. They took a photo that Takina still kept with her. Both

of them put out their pinkie fingers. This wasn't to ward off the evil eye. Instead it was gesture known as the shaka sign, also referred to as "hang loose" or “hang ten," which was the official gesture of Hawaii itself. It represented "aloha spirit, love and local pride" and was often used by surfers.

This time was different. Chisato still had on the same beige short-shorts which covered the bottom part of her swimsuit. Her shirt was scrunched up at the waist, exposing her midriff. Her shirt covered the upper-part of her swim suit, which was orange. Unlike before, they were wearing flip-flops. Takina *was not* a big fan. She found them incredibly hard to walk in. She liked the shoes which went with her uniform, as a Lycoris, much better. After Chisato had been so insistent, she agreed to wear them, but only reluctantly. She never understood why people wore them so much or how that magical boy in that series about sentient space rocks wore flip-flops literally everywhere. It defied explanation.

Her blond-haired partner raced as fast as she could toward the ocean. She threw off her shorts and t-shirt as she went, with her clothing landing on the sand with a thud. In contrast, Takina disliked all sand which was getting between her toes and sticking to her skin. She had been afraid this might happen. She wished they had just gone to the bathhouse instead. Her thoughts were quickly interrupted. "Ta-ki-na! Come down to the water! You'll cool down from all this heat!"

The dark-haired girl wasn't sure about this plan. Still standing near the mat where Mika was sitting in a beach chair under a colorful umbrella they had set up, she put down her bag very carefully. He whispered to her, "go, have fun." She groused. She stepped out of her shorts and took off her shirt. She folded each article of clothing, putting it aside, then found a bottle of sunscreen stashed in her bag. It had one of the highest SPF levels possible. It wasn't some awful brand like Balana Croat, which had SPF 5 or something. Why the hell did anyone buy that junk? Why was it even sold at all? Maybe it should be banned.

She stared at Chisato. "I'll come in *IF* you let *me* put sunscreen on you." Her blonde partner was clearly annoyed. "Do we really have to? I'll be totally okay. I mean, I can get a nice tan!" Takina shook her head. Stopping skin cancer was important. And if you didn't put on sunscreen, you could end up hurting for days. Seeing that Takina wouldn't budge on this, she sighed. "Fine. Just do it...quickly...I want to have fun in the water. That's what I came here for."

This brought a smile to Takina's face. Surely, Chisato had a new heart now. Although she had a new lease on life, as it was, it would, obviously, never make her immune from the many diseases out there, like skin cancer or any of the new strains of coronavirus. She had to make sure her partner *never* risked her health, not like this. "Okay, turn around." Her blond partner nearly blushed, then stopped herself. When her partner squirted some of the sun screen into her hand, the sound was familiar. When she began rubbing it across Chisato's neck, then her exposed back, which was not covered by the swim suit, she almost jumped in response.

She hissed when Chisato started to move. "I can't finish this if you keep moving." Her partner complained. "But it's so very cold." Takina snickered. "Isn't that good this time of year?" Chisato only whined back. "That's enough. Takinaaaaaaa!" After about five minutes, she finally finished rubbing the sunscreen across the back, arms, and shoulders of her partner,

despite her wiggling and whining over and over. To be touching her in such a casual, and intimate, way, felt a bit odd. In a certain way, it grounded her. If she had do, she'd gladly do this every single day. She suddenly stepped back, wiping the cream left over on her own arms. It had to go somewhere, after all.

"You can put on the rest *yourself*," she said, then handed Chisato the bottle. Her partner was unhappy with this. "...what if I want *you* to do it?" she said, almost innocently. This was what Takina had expected might happen. She didn't fall for her tricks. "It's only your face, legs, chest, and everywhere else. Can't you do that on your own?" Chisato sighed. "I guess I can but…"

After putting too much sunscreen in the palm of one hand, she gave the now only half-filled bottle back to her partner. She began rubbing the cream across her arms, legs, and the chest. She did this very methodically and she finished in almost record time. "I can help you now, Takina," she said, excitedly, to the surprise of her partner, who hadn't expected her to say that. She didn't know what to say. "Okay, as long as you do it *right*." Chisato followed what she said. She used her finger to indicate that her dark-haired partner turn around, which she did, while holding her hair up.

Not long after, Chisato put sunscreen on her back, clumsily rubbing it into her skin, but not missing any spots. Takina is still adjusting to people touching her that way, but found that if Chisato did it, she had no problem with it. The comfort felt familiar and a bit relaxing. She hope that she could return this favor somehow, although she wasn't the best with physical affection. She was still working on that and hoped she could get better with it soon.

"I'm done now, my sweet Takina," Chisato said. She paused. "Can we play in the water now? Pleeeeaase?" Takina looked at Mika, like she needed his approval, although she obviously didn't. He raised a thumb as he sat under the umbrella, drinking a water bottle. Being hydrated this time of year was key. Takina knew that more than anyone and Mika realized it too. She had been the one who helped pack all the emergency supplies, food, and water. "Okay, fine. We can." Her partner loudly exclaimed. "YES! FINALLY!" She firmly grabbed Takina's hand, linking their fingers together, and running toward the awaiting waves, which crashed against the beach.

Takina still wasn't a big fan at how the sand stuck to her skin or the unbearable heat, which could easily overwhelm you if you aren't careful. Despite all of that, being there with Chisato made it all the better. She'd go anywhere with her, including on this beach. She appreciated the determination and beauty of her partner, although she didn't often comment on the later.

Happily smiling, she grinned at Takina. She didn't need to wow or awe her. She wouldn't be showing off her impressive surfing abilities (which she didn't have, at all) like that famous Korean-American popstar, the same one who had told her about this beach, the same one who had showed off to the two girls she loved with all her heart. Chisato was just there to have fun.

She playfully splashed Takina, who took on the challenge and splashed her back. Surely, they had both endued so much trauma. To be cheerful after going through so many terrible experiences was almost a skill. Obviously, they'd *never* forget what had happened to them, but they deserved time to unwind. They couldn't keep going all the time.

Takina stared at her partner's gorgeous smile and knew that she could do anything she put her mind to. Perhaps she didn't have as much of a "cute side" as Chisato, but she could still have a good time. With her black hair flowing behind her, the surface of the water glistened beneath her. She found herself saying, "I'm so glad I came." Her partner couldn't be happier. Takina looked at her. It was almost like the sun's rays made her shine.

She really couldn't keep her eyes off her. Chisato chuckled. "I'm glad I'm here too. You know you look *even hotter* with wet hair." That comment made her blush so much she couldn't control it. Why in the world would Chisato say that? She said under her breath, while trying to hide her face, "I...uh...feel the same way." Her partner couldn't believe this. First it was her liking the K-pop supergroup and now this. She was learning more about the girl she admired every day. She was glad she got to be with her, after all that she had gone through.

"Wanna swim?" Takina nodded. They went back and forth along the shoreline. They did not go out too far, so they wouldn't get pulled into those nasty rip tides. All the while, Mika watched them. He looked up, for a brief time, from the book he was reading, *Black Skin, White Masks*, a classic by the West Indian revolutionary Frantz Fanon, whose life was sadly cut short at the age of 36. He had the Japanese edition, which had a simple white cover, the author's name in a grey square, and a thick red line, with the title written in Japanese script. As he looked at both of them, he was glad they were enjoying each other's company.

With Chisato's movements matching the rhythm of the ocean itself, she felt at peace and at balance, even with all the water surrounding her. Surely, the tide was pulling on her in different directions, but she could surely resist it. She felt connected to something beyond herself. It was the same for Takina. All of the ocean's sounds were filling her entire body, from her smallest toes to the ears on her head. It was, in a certain way, calming, and all-consuming. The ocean could be a beast. If you knew how to deal with it, you could have *a lot* of fun.

Neither one of them had certain fizzy, hot energy when in the water, nor were they hyped by being there. Even so, they enjoyed this excursion. Surely, there were things in California you couldn't get elsewhere. Despite those positives, they would never trade anything for living in Tokyo, and specifically at Café LycoReco, of all places. They wanted to be there forever. After they competed with one another while swimming, they were starting to get tired, as it was getting a bit exhausting because they were both really into it. The sunscreen they had put on one another, and themselves, was waterproof but it wouldn't last forever.

Mika put down his book for a second and came close to the surf. "Okay, I'm going take a photo of both of you, get ready." He didn't have some fancy smartphone, as he hated those things with a passion. Instead, he had a flip-top phone and a Polaroid camera. Chisato and Takina loved the latter, because they could pin up each one of the photos in the café. Looking at each other, they both smiled happily. Chisato put her hand over Takina's shoulder and stared at her in complete wonder. She wanted to do something that would stand out, so she had a bit of a plan, if you could even call it that.

"1. 2. 3. Say Lycoreco is the best!" As they said that, then he snapped the photo. As soon as she heard that sound, Chisato gave Takina a big smooch on her cheek, catching her completely off guard. She wanted her to remember this, a time she felt so alive, a time that

her heart was racing so much, a time that they spent apart from trying to keep Japan safe from evildoers, a time that they had together which was all their own (apart from Mika being there).

As the light reflected, in white twinkling flashes, Takina became completely flushed. She could see now how majestic and how amazing her partner was. She was in a state of shock. Chisato made it look *so easy*. How could she just express her affection like that? She felt a little jealous. She didn't even have enough self-awareness in that moment to realize what she was doing. She acted without thinking. In one swift motion, she picked up Chisato like a princess and ran out of the water at full speed. She laid her down on the mat. Her partner didn't even have time to process what she had just done. "Takiinnaaaa! What did you do that for?"

"I-I-I...just couldn't believe you did that...I mean…" Her voice became softer. As she looked over at Chisato, she saw the water dripping down her body, water which somehow didn't get Mika's book wet, which was miraculous on its own. She couldn't comprehend how sexy her partner was. "You are just so open with your feelings...and I'm…" she said, as her voice trailed off. Chisato shook her head, then chuckled. She put her arm around Takina. "It's okay. Each of us has our strengths. I can be more affectionate than you, but that isn't an issue, at all. You were just so great...and so *cute* out there. I couldn't resist kissing you! You just have such a *kissable face*!"

Takina's mind was overwhelmed at what Chisato was saying to her. At that moment, Mika came back to the mat. "That was surely something, Takina. Are you sure you are okay?" he said, with a tone of clear concerned. He wasn't fully grasping the romantic dimensions of what she had just done. Her expression quickly changed. She respected him and would never debase herself in front of him, at least not like this. "I'm fine. I just can't express myself like Chisato can...is there anything wrong with me?" He laughed heartily. He couldn't believe she was asking him of all people. It's not like he had some sage advice about this. "No, you are fine just the way you are."

His words made Takina feel a lot better. This time she pulled Chisato out to the water's edge, to her surprise. She was fine with it. She was happy to see her partner being a bit more assertive, at least at what she loved. They played in surf through the day, until the late afternoon. As they were about to leave, both of them returned to the mat, and put towels around their bodies, which Mika at gotten out for them. They began to dry themselves off. Chisato turned to Mika. "Can you hand me my phone? I want to send *that rapper* a photo." He reached into the bag and gave her the smartphone. He hated those devices, but he knew young people like her liked using them.

With her hands now dry, or at least less wet than before, she typed, "here with *my sweet* Takina at the beach you rec'd. Thanks for the tip!" As she got into position and prepared to take a selfie, her partner came close. Wanting to get back at Chisato for what she did earlier, she gave her a peck on the cheek, which she was not ready for. Only seconds later she snapped the photo. She was scrambling at how to respond. Her adrenaline was rising.

"Taakiiinaaa!" she said, in her typical voice. "First you carried me *like a bride* out of the water, and now...a kiss… what's going on with you?" She stared at her partner, wondering

how in the world she could ever explain this. She thought about what to say. She could have blurted out a response without much thinking, but that was not her style. Not at all. "It's just...you beat me to it...*I wanted* to be the person who kissed my *girlfriend* first!" Chisato burst out laughing, then quickly stopped herself. Could this be a bit of turning point? She wasn't sure. Maybe she was making too much of this.

"Hehehe, you are now calling me your girlfriend...that's *new*...you told all those K-pop stars that you usually use the word 'partner.' Why the change?" She was genuinely curious. Takina didn't exactly know how to answer her. But, she'd try her best. "I wanted to show you that I can be affectionate too!" she exclaimed, wanting to make her point. If anyone else had been at the beach she would have felt completely humiliated. Chisato rubbed her cheek against her beloved. "Take it at your own pace...don't do anything you are uncomfortable with…" She paused. "But if you'd call me your girlfriend *more*, I'd like that, a lot," she said, sheepishly, with her face feeling a bit warm.

Responding almost a little coldly, as she often did, Takina said, "yes, I can do that. If that's what *you* want." Chisato wasn't sure about this. She almost felt like Takina was following an order. She would have to work on that later. For now, this was progress. "Okay, great!" she said, grinning happily. Mika interrupted them. He didn't want to, but he knew he had to. "We have to go before it get dark." They understood. In no time at all, they packed up the beach mat, the umbrella, and their beach bag. Both girls continued to wear their beach towels.

They walked to the nearby car, where Mizuki was waiting. She welcomed them. They opened the doors, put the beach materials in inside, and strapped themselves in. The car zoomed off en route to a private airport reserved just for the K-pop supergroup both girls knew well. Chisato's friend had let them use it, with her bandmates giving the okay, and manager happily supporting it. Traveling in a commercial airliner would be very difficult. Chisato's friend had said this was their treat to them for being such good fans.

As the plane took off, piloted by someone handpicked by the K-pop supergroup, they traveled back to Japan. On the way there, Chisato and Takina continued chattering. Chisato was charmed by what her girlfriend had done and vice versa. At one point in their conversation, she said "let's do this again sometime." The girl she loved could not stop herself from smiling in the way she usually did. "Maybe we should." Chisato couldn't be happier. They could take this relationship one day at a time. Perhaps it would take a while for Takina to fully open up to her, but she would be with her the entire way. They'd work it all out together, without anyone telling them what to do...

End Notes

Balana Croat is inspired by Banana Boat. My dad *always* puts it on (and he recently got Mose surgery because he frequently does NOT wear sunscreen even though we tell him to do so). That sunscreen (which is SPF 5 or less) is basically worthless. I really do, strongly, believe that those kinds of sunscreen should be illegal, just saying. Anyway, on May 18, I finished the first draft of this story, which was 3,330 words, but without a summary added and only a tentative title. I finished the fic on May 19th, coming in with a length of 3,625 words.

Because I was curious, I looked up if "Black Skin, White Masks" has a Japanese edition and it does (I refer to it in the line "He had the Japanese edition, which had a simple white cover, the author's name in a grey square, and a thick red line, with the title written in Japanese script"). I'd think that Mika can probably speak and read English, but I thought I'd mention the Japanese edition since it does *actually* exist and it was printed.

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